

REGISTER



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THE MERCENARIES

Brian McGunigle '64

THE WOODEN trapdoor opened and the lieutenant emerged from the Government Palace. The spotlights which usually illuminated the building from three sides had been turned off, and the lieutenant, standing in the darkness, could not see the foot high wall which bordered the roof on all sides. He checked the time; the luminous dial of his wristwatch read three-thirty. The attack would be made sometime before dawn.

The lieutenant used his flashlight to guide him to the low bordering wall at the front edge of the roof. From this vantage point on a clear day, one could see the whole city of Santo Angelo stretched out below, as well as the sea to the south and east, and the level plains stretching west and north to the mountains. But as the lieutenant looked down over the wall in the darkness, all he could distinguish were a few soldiers quickly descending the steps from the main entrance of the Government Palace. He could see none of the barbed wire, the mines, the barricades, the machine guns, and the five hundred mercenary troops, but he knew they were all there, covering the huge lawn which stretched from the high iron fence to the Government Palace itself.

He heard sounds in the darkness below. He guessed that the men were putting his plan into effect. The lieutenant was very much satisfied. His plan might work.

The Government Palace and its grounds fronted the main square of the city of Santo Angelo, and behind the Palace was a sheer cliff which dropped three hundred feet to the sea. The whole city of Santo Angelo seemed to be perched on top of the cliff, a natural fortification which made the city virtually inaccessible from the water. Anyone who wished to conquer Santo Angelo had to attack on land, and few had dared to attempt it.

For twenty years Luis Chevanos had been the dictator of this small country, the capital of which was Santo Angelo. His authority had been absolute for fifteen years — until Arrez.

It seemed impossible to the lieutenant that Arrez was waiting with his victorious army at the other end of the city, waiting to annihilate Chevanos and his mercenaries at the Government Palace. The army of Arrez was well trained in annihilation. The "army of liberation" had swept down from the mountains to the north and had met the regular army of Luis Chevanos in

a battle twenty-five miles to the north of the city of Santo Angelo. Within three hours, the army of Chevanos had been utterly destroyed. Within eight hours, the "army of liberation" had reached the outskirts of Santo Angelo.

The lieutenant really did not know of any plan which could enable the group of five hundred mercenaries to defeat an army as large as that of Arrez. The lieutenant's plan was only a delaying measure which might retard the slaughter. The plan was simple: take all the powerful spotlights from the grounds around the Palace and place them on top of the barricades already erected in front of the Palace. It would be possible for the enemy to attack only from the front, through the iron fence and its gates. The fence itself was no hinderance, but all during the night the men had been at work laying barbed wire and mines all over the front lawn of the Palace. The combination of the barbed wire, the mines, the blinding spotlights, the machine guns hidden by the barricades and the machine guns on the Palace roof would create a good deal of confusion, and although the lieutenant knew that Arrez would win through sheer weight of numbers, he felt a sense of satisfaction that the victory would not be as easily achieved as Arrez might think.

The trapdoor opened a second time and a procession of soldiers with machine guns appeared. The lieutenant was the officer in charge of the machine gun installations on the roof of the Palace, and he showed the men where to set up the guns. Several of the men had flashlights, and in the dim light they worked silently. At three forty-seven by the lieutenant's watch, all the guns were in proper position. There were approximately thirty guns and thirty five men on the roof. Some were French, others German, several British, many South Americans, a few Greeks, and two Americans. One of the Americans was the lieutenant, who had been with Chevanos five years. Five years was a substantial term of service for a mercenary, and in recognition of his loyalty he had been made a lieutenant. There were few officers. The difference in pay between a private and a major was not too great. They were all soldiers of fortune.

The lieutenant used his flashlight to find his way to the opposite side of the roof which faced the sea. He sat down in one corner, his back resting against the corner of the wall, his legs stretched out straight in front of him. He switched off the flashlight and relaxed in the darkness. A soldier with a shining flashlight approached him. The soldier also sat down and switched off his flashlight.

"No use wasting the batteries."

The lieutenant recognized him. It was George Wilson, who, as far as the lieutenant knew, was the only other American in the outfit. George Wilson was about twenty two.

"Long night," said George Wilson.

"Sure is."

"Kind of cold, too."

"Yes, now that you mention it. It's been getting colder since midnight." The lieutenant had been too busy to notice the cold, but now that he had been made aware of it, he realized that it hardly ever became this cold at Santo Angelo.

"Figure they'll try before dawn?"

"Just before, while it's still dark . . . that's the best time."

"Yes, I guess so. . . ."

"How's it going with you, George?"

The lieutenant wanted to know what the kid had on his mind.

"All right, I guess . . . you don't mind my talking to you, do you?"

"No. Of course not. I'm certainly not going anywhere."

"Somebody said the spotlights were your idea."

"Yes, for whatever good they'll do."

"Colonel Van Eweck ordered them to be set up."

"I talked to him about an hour ago. He liked the idea."

"Van Eweck's got Major Clive running around finding **extension cords** for all the spotlights."

"Wonderful! Clive is an idiot anyway!" The Lieutenant was silent for several minutes as he pictured Major Clive running around to all the offices in the Government Palace and ripping out all the extension cords he could find. The extension cords, of course, would be completely useless, since the large spotlights were supplied power through heavy cables running from the underground level of the Palace.

"That is really silly." George Wilson broke the silence.

"Yes." The lieutenant laughed silently. "But it shows Van Eweck has a sense of humor."

"This isn't the night for humor."

"What else can we do, George? Sit here and get scared? Relax! You only die once!"

They both were silent for several minutes. It was getting colder. The lieutenant checked his watch; the dial read four o'clock.

"As dictators go, Chevanos isn't a bad sort."

"He's a lot better than most, George. He isn't stuffing his pockets out of the treasury, nobody's oppressed, and nobody is starving."

"What amazes me is that the peasants are for Arrez . . . a communist!"

"The peasants are for anyone who promises them more than they have. What do they know about democracy, communism, ideology, colonialism? They'll follow anyone. Arrez learned that the first time."

"The first time?"

"Oh yes, five years ago. A small revolt. The army took care of it in three days. Arrez's army was miserable — no equipment, no training. Arrez learned that he had to have outside help."

"He got it this time. The good old mysterious 'foreign power'."

"The big secret! A lot of money went into this try. This is for keeps."

"When do you think Arrez got here?"

"Around two, probably. There was a lot of commotion in the square then."

"It's deserted now. Everybody's hiding or something. Where's 'El Presidente'?"

"Chevanos?"

"Who else?"

"He's in one of the offices downstairs, probably writing his memoirs."

"You aren't very respectful."

"What's he ever done for me?"

"He's paid you well for . . . how long have you been with him?"

"Five years. If it hadn't been him, it would have been someone else."

"How do you mean?"

"If you make war your business, you're rarely out of work."

"That sounds like a quote."

"It's my life story."

"How long have you been in this 'business'?"

"About fifteen years, in various places. A long time ago I went to college."

"You did?"

"Oh yes. I majored in chemistry, of all things. I'm not as stupid as I seem, George."

"What's a chemist doing here?"

"Waiting to get killed is what I'm doing."

"Don't say that . . . What I mean is, why did you become a professional soldier?"

"Travel, adventure, I don't know. I planned to write a book about it. 'The Guerilla's Handbook' or 'Shoot From Behind the Trees, Boys'."

"You're a cynic."

"It's not hard to get this way. What made you become a soldier of fortune? You've been here a year. You've had plenty of time to figure out why."

"You've had fifteen years. You haven't come up with any answers."

"I haven't tried. Why are you here, George?"

"I often wonder. To see a little of the world I guess."

"Here?"

"I flunked out of medical school back home. I decided to take a year or two to see the world, earn a little money, and then try medical school again . . . What am I telling you all this for?"

"Because I asked you."

"The whole thing is confusing."

"What whole thing?"

"Arrez and Chevanos and all. I always thought that wars were fought for noble, humanitarian causes like keeping the world safe for democracy. I never pictured war as a bunch of guys sitting on the roof of a building in the cold, knowing we'll be dead by dawn, and waiting to die for someone we don't care about at all. We're not fighting for anything like honor or freedom; we're fighting for money, nothing else! What do we care about Chevanos, or Arrez? What are we doing here?"

"I'd fight just the same if Arrez was paying me. You're an idealist, George."

"You don't have. . . . You don't even have a cause to fight for!"

"No, I don't." They were silent again, for a long time.

"It's really cold now," said the lieutenant, shivering.

"I come from Minnesota. We'd consider this mild back there. We used to get a lot of snow every winter. You know, I miss the snow."

"Seems cold enough to snow." The lieutenant looked up at the sky.

"Funny, I enlisted in this army for a year. The enlistment is up in two weeks." George Wilson spoke very quietly.

"You won't make it."

"I know it! You're a morbid individual!"

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I'm sorry for you."

"Thank you very much."

"What do you want me to do, weep a little?"

"What time is it?"

"You going somewhere, George?"

"For God's sake, shut up!"

"It's four twenty." They sat side by side silently in one corner of the roof of the Government Palace in the cold.

"Do you think anybody will do anything about Arrez?"

"No, George. The New York Times will probably give it a full column on page twelve, and somebody may register a strong protest in the U. N. And speeches will be made about how this will jeopardize the effectiveness of this treaty or that agreement, and nothing will actually happen. It's too small an issue, not worth fighting over."

"Small issues accumulate."

"Exactly."

"What will Arrez do with Chevanos?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"No. Chevanos would shoot himself first if he hasn't done so already."

"Then we're not even fighting for him. We're fighting for nothing."

"No. Now we're fighting to stay alive as long as possible." The lieutenant stood up. The soldier rose with him.

"I'm scared, aren't you?" the soldier asked hesitantly.

"No. I'm not."

"We'll all get killed."

"Yes," said the lieutenant slowly.

"Yes. We will."

"It's snowing." The soldier was mildly surprised.

"So it is." The light flakes were falling steadily in the pre-dawn darkness.

"You know, the snow makes everything seem a little different. Even this." George Wilson pointed to the guns and the men.

"How do you mean?"

"Seems like Minnesota, like home."

"Good luck, George." The lieutenant shook hands with the soldier. "Good luck, sir."

The lieutenant smiled. It was the first time he had been called 'sir' in a year. The lieutenant walked to the other side of the roof, facing the square and the lawn. He stood and watched the snowflakes fall. They didn't accumulate. It was not cold enough. They turned to water as they touched the roof. A futile effort to amount to something, the lieutenant thought. Noble efforts, but in vain. The idea would make a beautiful epitaph, but he suddenly realized that he would have no epitaph. He would die. They all would die. Nobody would care.

The lieutenant checked his watch. The luminous dial of his wristwatch read four thirty. It had been just an hour. He peered over the wall, smiled when he saw the spotlights in place, tightened his grip on the sub-machine gun in his hands, watched the softly falling snow, and waited for the attack.

"WHITE COLLAR WOMAN"

George Ganick Fishman '63

THE WOMAN slouches behind her shirt counter vigorously repulsing the clamorous, tentacled mobs in the bargain basement. They storm ahead again. They attack. A rain of clothes is wrought by a mass of blurry-eyed women squinting at tags and forcibly rejecting items. "A size sixteen. Always this way in these places! Miss, aren't there any size sixteens anymore?" The woman behind the counter recoils. "You'll have to keep looking madam." Madam! Five thousand madams on the rampage every day. Armed with glasses on chains and shallow smiles on their masks, they staltwarily aim all their perception, emotion, and thought on pinstripe and denim. Aren't any of these scavengers people? Alas, the shirt supply has been scrutinized, ravaged, and exhausted. Away to another crusade! The momentum stiffens as the mob tramples the neighboring aisles now carpeted with dusty bathing suits and skirts. The woman is faintly dizzy but her hand is still a responsive derrick shoveling money and charge slips into cash register 92.

5 P. M. Stale outdoor air eddies about another crazed and diffused crowd sonorously clicking their frenzied heels against the sidewalk. The rankness blends into the fatiguing, damp, concrete smell of the subway station and is climaxed by the languid stuffiness of a streetcar. The woman is challenged by fifty frozen faces jumping up and down on the drab leather seats of the trolley. The woman steps wearily down as the commuters continue on that endless track.

The hall in the shabby apartment building is musty. A fetid smog follows her up the creaky, somber staircase and is enhanced by the stench of oak bannister and old varnish. She stands at the door to her flat—a door radiating loneliness and senseless fear. She



fumbles in her bag for the key which will expose this private hell. The door swings and squeals open and her heart sinks. She must go in. What a defeat her entrance is! She sways from side to side as she hobbles over the threshold on swollen pillars of legs.

She drops her pocketbook on a chair—a hand made, footed, needle point bag, a remarkable bargain, once an object of novelty and joy, now nothing. Her all wool, worsted, beaver collar coat is ceremoniously stowed in a closet jammed with clothes. There is the blue taffeta creation she had laboriously hunted for in anticipation of the Christmas party. She had not gone. Such nonsense as these parties were, so impersonal, so empty. Sincerity stifled in drink. Too bad, a costly dress and it just hung there limply, ever so apathetic, so inanimate, like her.

The closet door closes. Dusk still lurks on the chipped ochre paint. The gumwood moldings are dark. The hide-

ous flowered wallpaper is so distant from nature — commercial splotches of dye, symbols of indifference. She is stricken with her evening heartache.

Flowered paper accompanies the pointless efficiency of the kitchenette. Bland, tasteless supper food. No life in it to give life. Just solid lumps thudding coldly on an empty stomach. Hot coffee and carefully processed milk, so far removed from the barnyard. To what end this food?

A fluorescent light flickers on this unrelished repast and on the knick knock shelf. Dime store salt and pepper shakers in the form of tulips. Cheap gaudy figurines. There is a window above the shelf. She made those cafe curtains, so bright and yellow, so lacking in warmth. The goldfish on the sill. She rises to shake out a few dehydrated flakes of brand name pet food into his narrow-necked bowl. Ironical. She and he share two foreboding, frigid bowls, one common emptiness, and wet or dry, one dusty end.

The kitchen radio clicks on blaring out its unharmonious music — "Love Be Mine". The frenzied rhythm of life, the life that she knows, that she is a part of. The dishes are in the sink. No hot water . . . for anyone in the building or for her. Cold water, greasy plates, chapped hands.

The kitchen flows into the bedroom. A four poster bed, once her mother's, a soiled chair, a scarred bureau. A doily sprawls on the mottled mahogany. A bottle of untouched perfume and her mother's picture, so full of love, now dead. The mirror over the bureau reflects the truth that she is prematurely growing old. Self-blackened hair, a mantle for a stark, cheerless face. Circles etch a bleak circumscription about her eyes. Her tragic eyes surmount scowls and jowls written in by abuse and the absence of the absolute cosmetic, love. In the corner is a small table model television. Snap, and the tube is warm and humming. It projects soothing, harmless, empty tales about safe, faceless beings, half people, half machines, like her. It sings stilted lyrics to fill vacant thoughts and more vacuous hearts. It distracts but comforts not. It radiates with warm, deceiving, blue effluence; it fades into a cold, true black.

Now sleep to assuage her accumulated agonies. The forecast of that eternal sleep to which she is slowly descending. How lifeless, how cold her form! There! Her chest heaves up and down. Her head throbs. Everything in rhythm to the maniacal pounding of humanity, craving freedom, desperately, from the depths of her soul.

IDIOSYNCRATIC

Should time recalled be known by what it held
In terms of lives, accomplishments, and thought,
Or by some unseen, underlying tone
That stood unchanged and through itself change wrought?

Vernon Blodgett '64

THE BURNOOSE IS ALL AROUND US: A SAGA OF THE SHIFTING SANDS

Ali Cassim, Emir of Tosh, a ruthless villain was;
Rebellious subjects did he quash — to limited applause.
All cits demurred against that sot, 'tho whipped, starved, skewered daily,
Dissolved in a moulted-metal pot, or axed at the Arabs' Old Bailey.

Those undernourished vassals had still yet a staunch defender:
L. Brunswick, he, a Cambridge grad, a model for his gender;
Intrepid in a foreign mart — as others of his Island —
Eager to play his Saxon part, from Ankarede to Thailand.

How different from the sultry Turk, that Toshovites' knight-errant;
He did not wield a gory dirk. (The fact was that he daren't.)
No thick-lipped, turbanned despot, he; no whiskers was he sporting;
When questioned at his Auntie's tea, he'd trouble in retorting.

Yet Brunswick was a doughty lad, impossible to beat,
When once he donned a shoulder pad, and wrapt himself in sheet;
When once, with brush of ox-tail hair he tinted his complexion,
Until resembling gritty tare — What elegant perfection!

I'll warrant then that Ali squirmed, inside his well-walled fortress,
And wondered where was — as he termed — The Bed-Post in its Court-Dress.
But revolutions were passe, as was John Bull, fierce Briton,
So Ali spent that night in play: feeding sen-sen to a kitten.

Kilometres off, neath a lacklustre moon — pale contemner of Earthly trammels —
Stood Brunswick, brown as a macaroon, in a chariot drawn by camels.
"To arms, old man! Up for the goal! Heigh-ho! St. George and Glory!"
With that, he dashed from the sandy knoll, propelled by the hump-backs hoary.

All thundered on like clicking gourds, brandishing surplus sabres,
Piercing the skies with strident chords, and waking all the neighbours;
Until, at last, they reached the road entwining Ali's wadi.
Brunswick's muttering we decode: "Egad! I need a toddy"!

Summoning scraps of valour, like the cavalier he was,
(Discounting his paste-proof pallor, and the grinding of his maws),
Lothario of Tosh coughed forth some premonitions dire,
And wheeled his two Quasimodos north — beyond the range of fire.

The strife would have a Priam shamed; our hero's wretched forces
Collapsed of exhaustion, morose and lamed, outside the city courses!
And, ere an one had breached the gates — those reenforced steel portals —
O! How the author hesitates . . . Poor Chaps! They were immortals!

And where the sturdy brigadeer we've lost amidst the mania?
That sheeted, gilded charioteer is headed for Britannia!

Moral:

One who meddles in the governments of Oriental nations
Should expect abrupt resistance from their picqued administrations.

— John T. Kearney '65

WILLIAM FAULKNER: THE LATER PERIOD

Richard Kaplan '64



DURING THE first period of Faulkner's writing, which closed with **Absalom, Absalom!**, he was preoccupied, with the exception of the pastoral **As I Lay Dying**, with grand tragedy, running the gamut from the decline and ruin of misproud families—the slow and toadstool degradation of the Compsons in **The Sound and the Fury**; the upheavals and thunderings of grand and bloody acts which foretell the end of the crazed and race-possessed Sutpens in **Absalom, Absalom!**—to the gaunt and unrelenting terror and violence of **Sanctuary**—to the flight and strife of Joe Christmas in **Light in August**, struggling to retain his individualism and life.

The work of his second period, although often shamefully inferior to the more youthful and exuberant novels, reveals admirable new outlooks and maturity. Faulkner is amazingly mellow and, at times, pleasantly sentimental; the violence forever lurking and **darkling** in the earlier works is gone, leaving in its wake a violence which is more provincial and less shattering. The mediocre works harp incessantly on old themes of tragedy, now effete and anemic, many times in retrospect, almost always passive rather than active, and often bogged down with a

heavy, muddy, overly complex and incongruous style. The best of the writing of this period, however, is characterized by a prevailing gentleness, a humor, a heavily atmospheric meditation, and magnificent yarns and legends.

The opening novel of this period is, fortunately, one of Faulkner's best works, an almost faultless piece, **The Hamlet**, the first and best novel of the Snopes family trilogy, which tells how the irascible Snopes move into Frenchman's Bend and gradually gain complete control of the village and its inhabitants who find themselves impotent against the all-consuming ambition and unscrupulousness of the Snopes. **The Hamlet** is a loosely bound series of tales and tableaux with no central plot. The writing is superb: a rich, deep, and evocative prose-poetry, with worlds of atmosphere, and a perfection of flow and surge that is hypnotic. It must stand as one of the most enchanting and leisurely books of the century. Here Faulkner is in no hurry; his characters are not possessed by demons or mania, and all the action takes its course at a pleasant pace. Here too, Faulkner has created one of his only, and certainly his best, love scene, the book's tour de force, dealing

with the idiot Ike Snopes' love for a cow. In spite of its apparent ludicrousness, it becomes, under Faulkner's unsurpassed virtuousity, no freakish or grotesquely humorous portrayal, but one amazingly tender and comprehensible.

The Hamlet is the most convenient example for comparing the older with the younger Faulkner. Had this novel been written ten years before, Flem Snopes, the leader of the clan, and for all practical purposes, a villain would certainly have been portrayed in deep and brooding contours, demonically proud and frenzied and steeped in a past of blood and shame. He would have been, to use words Faulkner might have, a ghou, a necromancer, a Beelzebub looming over the town. With the later Faulkner, Flem appears wicked enough, but wicked rather as Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear in the old Uncle Remus folktales, than as Macbeth or Iago or Popeye or Thomas Sutpen. Flem takes his cunning in stride: there is no past to brood over, no moral questions of blood or land or the past to speak of, and he is, in truth, only a rural despot.

In comparison, **The Wild Palms**, so highly publicized upon publication, seems an essentially inferior work, with its high acclaim due to the "gimmick" of having two unrelated tales, **The Wild Palms** and **Old Man**, printed a chapter of the first followed by a chapter of the second, and so forth. **The Wild Palms** seems worse with each rereading, and is now seldom discussed, although its last line is justly famous: Between grief and nothing I will take grief. The story itself, however, a cardboard tale of illicit love and moral outrage, is trite, artificial, and mawkish.

The fate of **Old Man** has been brighter: it is widely read and anthologized and is generally regarded as one of Faulkner's minor classics, though its merits are overrated. The story concerns a convict during the vast and disastrous Mississippi flood of 1927, who is sent out into the river by prison authorities to rescue a pregnant woman dangling on a tree. He discovers the woman, helps her give birth, and in his new freedom discovers a maelstrom of hitherto unknown emotions: conflict, love, anarchy, despondency, all of

which confuse and terrify him and eventually send him back to the security of the penal farm. **Old Man** owes the regal position it now holds to the attraction of its almost legendary theme: The Great Mississippi. Nevertheless, its values fall far short of its aim. The convict never really comes to life; we watch what he does yet are never certain why he does it; motivation is missing and character and sympathy never leave the printed page and enter the heart. The writing also tends to weaken the story, for rather than exploiting the rampaging river, it almost tries to contain it within a bathtub. The ancestral scope of this most glorious river is lost. One may read about the flood waters, the disaster, the anarchy of nature, and one yearns for expansion but finds only a constant frustration.

In contrast with **The Wild Palms**, **Go Down, Moses** received very little notice yet is probably Faulkner's greatest work. Here is the full blooming of all the major themes from the earlier works plus a dash of maturity and wisdom and softened compassion; here is the final exposition of Yoknapatawpha, the summing up of all the grandness and myth. Like so many of the later works, **Go Down, Moses** is a series of separate but closely linked stories, each one adding further significance to the previous ones. The themes are Faulkner's most complex: the relationship of Whites and Negroes and Indians in Yoknapatawpha, and the relationship of them all with the land, especially the rapidly disappearing wilderness.

It is one of Faulkner's most difficult books to read and understand, not because of the individual complexities of certain experimental sections, but rather because it requires several readings and much brain-racking to unravel all the nuances of expression and relationships and attitudes which Faulkner has spent so many years in forming and changing. But once this is grasped, the book utters pure gold. Gradually, **Go Down, Moses** is being recognized as one of the most important and extraordinary accomplishments in American literature, as both critics and general readers are maturing to Faulkner's themes and material. Its most celebrated section, **The Bear**, is on its way

to becoming a classic comparable to **Moby Dick**. It is this single piece which is the epitome of all the themes up to its time, and although not quite long enough to be a novel in itself, it is the single greatest work in twentieth century prose.

The Bear tells of the hunt for Old Ben, the monster black bear, who dominates the woods and backlands like some immortal avatar or titan from the past, a legendary animal who is hunted every year, by each succeeding generation, without success. And yet the hunt goes on, is performed as an almost religious ritual, unquestioned. In truth there are none who really want to see Old Ben die, for, to such a people as these, so closely aligned with the past, the bear is the last remnant of the old days, of the wilderness which is quickly vanishing in the face of modernity and mechanization. When Old Ben is gone, the woods shall have lost their primeval calling, the old century shall fall and the new one shall march brashly in. All the ancient plantation houses, wrapped in the midst of dreams and the dim remembrances of glitter and spangle and light and the enshrouding wisteria, shall finally collapse. Old Ben is all of the past, all of the glory and the pain. The story of the hunt covers the first, second, third and fifth parts of the tale. The fourth section however is experimental, elaborate and labyrinthine. Physically it is severed from the remainder of the story, yet actually elaborates as the tale's theme. In it Isaac MacCaslin presents the fundamental ideas into which a decade of Faulkner's thoughts has gone: that the land has been ruined by slavery, that a curse from the shameful past has destroyed any value of the land, and that the only way to attain salvation is to relinquish the land forever.

If **Go Down, Moses** represents the very peak of Faulkner's achievement **Intruder in the Dust** represents one of his very lowest ebbs. This feeble novel, which tells of an old Negro accused of killing a white man and of a boy who tries to prove his innocence, has as its failure an uncommon fault in Faulkner: tedium. The writing is too complex, with sentences running on over unending paragraphs and lengths of pages, much as in **Absalom, Absalom!**;

but to **Absalom, Absalom!**, where the writing carries one headlong through the tumult and violence of lurking and exploding doom, through the screams of the Sutpen mansion, through the blasts of pistols, the beating of hooves, the dark imagery, the complexity of **Intruder in the Dust** seems mere bombast, not helping the story, but weighing it down, and in fact, killing it. There is no need for such complexity here, for there is merely the town, the office, the street, the jail, and all action is subdued and relatively sane. A fan in the lawyer's office twirls about, however, and the writing goes on and on. Here are Faulkner's moral explanations and theories on race relations, but gone completely is the rich grandeur of **Go Down, Moses**. The characters are bogged down and drowning in the fen-y bogs and quicksands of prolixity.

Much of the same is true of **Requiem for a Nun**, a sequel to **Sanctuary**. (Two other "related" books so vastly separate by style and outlook cannot be found!) Whereas **Sanctuary** was a violent tale in the Grand Guignol tradition, **Requiem** is almost completely a novel in vague and disagreeable dramatic form, dealing with boring moral problems and muzzy memories. It is not as persistently frustrating as **Intruder**, for there is little consequential present action, and characters are viewed through a misty veil complicated by the many-sided prism of Faulkner's style. It is nevertheless a weak successor to the fascinating and demonic **Sanctuary**, and the persistent tedium only makes one wistful for the earlier book, and crave Popeye and the lynchings and the outbursts and the zest and tumult.

New ground is trodden upon in **The Fable**, a peculiar and unprecedented book having nothing to do with the South except for a new transplanted characters nor indeed with the themes with which Faulkner identifies himself. Set in France during the first World War, it portrays a pacifistic uprising among both French and German troupes, inspired by a figure allegorical of Christ. It is this allegory which immediately signifies the novel's failure: the symbolism is all too blatant and unrelieved, and Faulkner seems to have pushed himself too much towards this

attempt at religious allegorical aloofness, seems to have tried too consciously to write a "grand" book. As a result, the work is strained and inconclusive. And, once again, style poses a major problem, as though defying one to read on. It concerns intellectual themes, and this in fact is one of its major weaknesses; Faulkner, a borer, yarnweaver, is at his best when telling a story. Once the story is told the themes and ideas usurp: this is best exemplified in the very unintellectual **Light in August**. (That they write stories to fit ideas is one of the failures of a great many respectable novelists.)

Faulkner returns to the South with **The Town** and **The Mansion**, the two concluding novels of the Snopes trilogy. **The Town** is very poor Faulkner and seems an unambitious undertaking, a task rather than a creation, sketchily done, hurriedly written off. The disjointed sections have little of Faulkner's eloquence or inspiration — only a humid brittleness.

The Mansion, however, is a fine novel, not quite on the level of the amazing **The Hamlet**, but nevertheless a satisfying finale to the trilogy which seemed headed into oblivion with **The Town**. The major portion of the novel (and the best) concerns Mink Snopes. The killer Snopes. Mink, tricked by Flem Snopes and sent to prison, waits year after year building up his hatred and revenge. But when he is finally released, he is once again fooled by that most astounded scoundrel, Flem, and like the convict in **Old Man**, is sent back to a long term in prison, only to be released, years later, haggard and obsessed, to hunt down Flem and kill him. With this fascinating story line, Faulkner is once again on familiar territory, going about "yarning" and asserting a new vigor and freshness.

Faulkner closed his career neither with a bang nor a whimper, but with a smile. **The Reivers**, his gentlest book, was also his best-rounded work since **Go Down, Moses**, and the twentieth century counterpart of **Huckleberry Finn**. Although the resemblance between the two books is remarkable, it is never protruding or uncomfortable, but is rather like the uncanny but joyous similarity between the great theme

of Beethoven's Ninth and that of Brahms' First.

In both books a boy-hero, weary of home and domestication, takes off with a companion (or two, as the case is here) to find adventure and freedom. Whereas Mark Twain uses the raft and the river, that great vein-current of the country which in his time had a genuine importance as well as a romanticism, Faulkner has utilized the automobile and the road, not nearly as romantic and sweeping, but nevertheless our only modern outlet for the poor man's wanderlust. The young boy in **The Reivers** may be a long lost relation of Huck's, for he possesses the same innocence and youthful anarchy; the Negro Ned (Jim inspired?) and the Indian Boon Hoggenbeck (who incidentally, kills Old Ben in **The Bear**), are likewise integral parts of this adventure and are kin figures of simplicity and overgrown childhood. But the main character here is Faulkner himself, the old "Grandfather" of the story, the nostalgic narrator, for here is the one and only time that Faulkner concedes old age, and, far from the somewhat sombre reflections of his middle-age, he romps in delight.

* * * * *

Faulkner now is dead, and his writing stands the best chance among his contemporaries of surviving through time. There is the raw material in Faulkner that there is in all great writers: strife and tragedy, comedy and compassion, epic breadth and minute insight. It is this uncomplicated fundamental from which have come Cervantes and Shakespeare in earlier days, Melville and Dostoyevsky closer to our own time.

Stylistically, he is one of the great experimentors of the century, yet unlike so many others, never took advantage of shock non-conformity for its own sake nor sacrificed story or character for mere language. In future years we shall grow to appreciate his style more, for in it is an already anachronistic eloquence. At a time when the virtues of writing are clarity, succinctness, unadorned description void of adjectives — all good at times, but oh! for a fresh breeze of rhetoric! — when

the "best" writing is a clear and unblemished shaft of light, Faulkner has created a veritable ocean of richness, a sea of currents and waves and undertows: epics of adjectives, galaxies of metaphors, deeply-pulsating writing that stirs and transforms and carries one along.

Faulkner also remains the greatest writer of atmosphere of the century: no one else can compete when it comes to the analysis of emotion or deed, nor has such an all-seeing eye for the passings and comings of seasons, for environment, for night and day and change and growth and age and youth and love.

Greatness requires a spaciousness.

The other two giants of modern American novel-writing, Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis, were (except on rare occasions) writing not for the world but for a particular time and mood and generation and society. But Faulkner swept away the present problem of discontent and created his own world of universal emotions, that triangular plot of northern Mississippi land which holds all the pain and joy of man.

Faulkner has created a huge and scattered legend, and throughout the history of the world, legends have lived.

It is the duty of the novelist to embrace all men and all the world; and in Faulkner's legends we have a miraculous fulfillment of this obligation.

IN THE SETTING OF THE SUN

Sunset. A blazing white building.
Dark shadows silently edge their way along the cracks.
Inside people are talking:
Talking about the next year.
Talking about the next generation,
Talking . . . Talking . . . Talking.

Ghostly forms now reach for the roof top:
In their path, a broken window pane, a forsaken book.
Despair stalks the gutted streets.
Hunger shoots through the broken glass.
A dog whines, a child cries.
In the city in the setting sun.

Inside the people are talking,
Laughing, speculating about paradise.
Outside the world is smoking, wailing,
Beseeching God, beseeching Man . . .

The sun set,
The people stopped talking.
Like an ill-fated missile, the building shuddered,
And died.

— Eric Korn '64



THE COUNTRY ROAD

Robert Mulholland '64

DIRTY GRAY leaves tumbled through the light mist and stuck to the windshield, blurring his vision. The compact VW rolled at a good clip over the potted country road bordered by foreboding trees and an occasional sequestered farmhouse or stately summer home. Its driver was a tall graying man whose lanky build made him look even taller than he actually was. On the seat beside him lay a sample case filled with assorted brushes. From time to time he would glance reproachfully at the surrounding mass of green and black.

Ahead of him loomed a faded yellow sign with a black arrow indicating a sharp left curve. As he eased up on the gas pedal, Rafferty wondered again why he had been sent out to this backwoods area. So his sales had dropped a little! After five years with the company, you'd think . . . But it didn't really matter much, just so long as he didn't have to drive through the woods at this time of night again. He wondered also if that enormous red mansion about a half mile back was the asylum which he had heard was located in this area.

Then he felt a sudden jouncing on the right side of the car. He hesitated at first, not liking the idea of stopping in the middle of nowhere. But finally,

as the jouncing increased, he pulled the car to a halt just around the bend, the tires skidding somewhat on the damp road. He lifted the handle and opened the door very stealthily as if afraid of alerting anything which might be lurking in the alien timber on both sides of him.

The right rear wheel was flat.

Returning to the window on the driver's side, he stretched his long right arm in, groping for the keys in the ignition. As he yanked the keys free, he felt something soft on his right shoulder. Whirling around, his face as fearfully pale as the moon overhead, he found nothing but the black night. A leaf dropped silently down over his chest from the shoulder on which it had landed in its descent.

Rafferty sighed heavily and tried, without much luck, to laugh. He walked to the front of the car, opened the trunk, and reached in. But his hand found only the coarse cloth of his golf bag. No spare.

He slammed the trunk heavily, and then quickly glanced around almost as if apologizing to the dark forest for disturbing its tranquility. Through the silence came only the low chattering sound of a snake charming a bird. Woodsland Garage was the name of

the place he had passed nearly a mile and a half back. He hoped the proprietor lived on the premises.

He was walking now in the middle of the road, along the fading white line. The trees swayed in rhythmic accompaniment to the light wind. Rounding the bend in the road, he turned his head back towards the car, sighed at its slightly lopsided tilt, and turned back again as it disappeared from sight. Rafferty didn't like the country during the day; he liked it even less in the middle of the night. The signpost indicating the left turn was the only real evidence that anybody had crossed this road before him. His thoughts drifted from his present state to his trouble with his sales firm and back — suddenly — to the present, as he heard what sounded like a cough somewhere in the misty blackness in front of him.

Rafferty strained his every power of perception in the direction of that cough-like noise. Slowly an ashen silhouette formed itself, outlined against the inky background of woodland.

Rafferty was suddenly terrified. His limbs became rigid, his steps steady mechanical footfalls. He found it impossible to control the runaway beating of his heart. Its rapid pounding seemed to be trying to shout a warning to him. His first impulse was to turn and flee. But to where? He could never force himself to enter those woods, and the car would offer little protection.

A few seconds later it became evident that the silhouette was that of a man.

They were about two hundred yards apart, and Rafferty found himself unable to keep from shaking. Then he noticed something resembling an animal in the middle of the road. Rafferty jumped involuntarily as the thing seemed to move. Then he saw clearly what it was. It was a rock about the size of a grapefruit.

His thoughts moved quickly. The man approaching him was probably just a local inhabitant out for a walk. But what if the stranger had escaped from that asylum, and was potentially dangerous? Or what if he was a burglar of some sort on his way to one of the lonely farmhouses around this area? After all, who else would be walking this road at this time of the morning?

And Rafferty had nothing, absolutely nothing, to protect himself with.

As unassumingly as possible, he reached down and scooped up the rock, without breaking his stride.

Meanwhile the silhouette was drawing nearer and again its advance was marked by a cough, a rather odd, deep cough. Rafferty held the rock at his side with his palm in front of it. He held it as though he were afraid the stranger could somehow see through the sepulchral darkness into his hand. As his grip tightened into an almost fierce, straining hold, his knuckles gradually whitened until they stood out from his quivering hand. The stone had afforded him a certain degree of security, and so he was not shaking quite so much as before. Still he stared, out of the corner of his eye at the figure approaching on his left side. Rafferty was still keeping to the middle of the road, walking along the white line.

Now the silhouette is no longer a silhouette. It becomes instead the shadowy but unmistakable features of a well-built, powerful man. He is walking in slow measured steps which Rafferty can now hear scraping along the tar road.

In less than ten seconds they will pass by each other, not more than four feet apart. Rafferty is holding his head up high, fighting off the impulse to just stare at the ground and hope nothing happens.

Then he sees it.

The man holds a black object in his hand. Rafferty can make out the faint glow of its silver trimming reflected by the dim moonlight. The object resembles a snub-nose revolver.

Rafferty is breathing heavily. Again his thoughts whirl rapidly through his mind. He won't use the rock, at least not yet. He will wait. But if the stranger makes any unusual moves; if he raises that object in his hand. . . .

They are now only five feet apart, and Rafferty hopes the man cannot see the cold sweat which is running off his entire body. He tries desperately to control his hurried breathing. Wait! The stranger is raising the gun!

Rafferty lifts the rock, and in that brief instant he hears a sound.

Click-at-click.

The hammer being cocked! He raises the stone high and brings it down on his assailant's head! The man falls. Rafferty again hits him! The rock comes up and down a third time! And a fourth!

The stranger lies at the edge of the woods and does not move.

* * * * *

Detective Lieutenant Foberg leaned back lazily in his desk chair, and watched his junior partner, Sergeant Anderson, emerge from the interrogation room.

Anderson spoke first, "Have you heard that guy's story?"

"You mean the one we picked up out on the North road last night?"

"Yeh. Knocked off Harry Wolters."

"I've heard it, but I don't like it. Claims Wolters tried to jump him. What do you think?"

"I think if we hadn't picked him up, he'd be halfway to East Akalamazoo."

"Yeh. Did you guys look for that gun he says Wolters had?"

"We looked all right, but there wasn't any gun."

The lieutenant pulled himself up in his chair and reached for a cigarette. "Guess that just about settles this case then. No problem for the D. A. Got a light?"

"No, gave up smoking. Wait a minute. Yeh, here." Anderson reached into his pocket, pulled out a cigarette lighter, and handed it to him.

"Thanks. Thought you said you gave up smoking."

"Oh, that ain't mine", Anderson replied, "They took it off Harry Wolters."

"Oh". Lieutenant Foberg settled back again and flicked the silver switch on the lighter.

Click-at-click.

REMEMBER

So long ago —
among the dewdrops
and lost images of
forgotten youth, and
rain;

In years of
floods
and closing doors,
vacant, phantom windows,
and empty, lonely swings;

and in the timeless tides
of nothingness
and somethingness

and lost existence —
I remembered
and found that life
had gone too fast.

— Richard Wizansky '63

COOL EVENING

Evan Steinberg '64



A COLD blast from the opened window dispelled the smell of cabbage. They were not having cabbage at the time, but they once had it often, and the odor now lingered. You could even have traced through the thirty years they had lived here by the odors in the walls. They had tried to eradicate these with paint and wallpaper. Failing here, they tried air-fresheners, as an aging woman tries to cover up wrinkles of which she is ashamed. Now they just tolerated what had become a part of their lives. But even these long-lived odors stepped aside for the dust and smoke from outside.

Jon pulled a large gold watch from his pocket and looked at it proudly. It didn't work, but it had been his father's.

"Marta, vat time is it?"

"Vy do you vant to set dat vatch? It don't vork."

Jon grumbled and put it in his pocket. That, and a tired paper bag under his arm, was all he needed. He said goodbye and kissed his wife. She nodded, as was her custom. She rarely spoke. Jon wondered why but never said anything.

No, Jon never said anything either. He walked silently to the bus stop, stepping over rocks and broken toys, his ears closed to the noise; his eyes closed to the hanging laundry, the filth, the underfed children and their scrawny pets. After so many years, Jon was able to move through this poverty, uncomplaining and unseeing, thinking it better to forget. He never said anything, too, because he had little to say. What could he say when he had worked at the same job for thirty years? What could he say to his boss in his pidgeon English? After thirty years, he was still an immigrant. No one cared what he had to say, so he kept silent.

Jon punched in and entered the room where he had always worked. How could you talk to someone when you left this place, he thought, looking about him. The heat and filth were oppressive. Sawdust clung to every grimy nut and screw, every machine in the tiny room. The floor, one step from a dirt floor, was uneven and cracked. The belts and dials whirled and creaked in the wan light. Once he had tried to keep his corner of the room neat. He had taken pride in the little plant on the shelf next to him. But the tiny green leaves withered. When he came in one morning to find it dead, and already half-buried by the dust, his stomach felt odd. After that, an empty flower pot stood in a messy corner like a tombstone.

So Jon worked, and he picked up his weekly pay check, bringing it home to watch it torn to pieces like a carcass on a desert, desecrated by vultures. When you had a small pay check, you had to use it wisely, and every bit of it went toward something specific, almost like the parts of a problem in a math book.

Jon thought about the past often. He thought of how he had been coming for thirty years and had never missed

a day. He felt a little self-conscious. He looked at his hands, heavy hands, covered with grime. These were his autograph book. And the dirt? Why that was the signature of his machine, of his room.

Funny he should call it **his** machine. He had worked on it for so long, he considered it rightfully his. And why not when he had sacrificed everything to come to it every day, to oil it, to work it. Everything? Sunlight, fresh air, other people. There were no windows in his little room, and the air-conditioner was nothing more than a fan, its rusty gears groaning mournfully. And as for other people? Only blue aprons flitted by occasionally. They were all Jons. Silent. You don't feel much like breaking a ten or fifteen year silence.

Jon's thoughts were interrupted by an office messenger. The boss wanted to see him. The boss? What could he have done wrong? Or maybe a raise? Or a promotion? Jon whispered a silent prayer.

Jon trudged home through a pleasant night. Even in his neighborhood, he felt the cool breeze sweep his face, and he was forced to smile as it seemed fresher, sweeter than usual. But then he had everything to be happy about. He thought about his thirty years of perfect attendance. Now he didn't feel quite so self-conscious. He had been awarded a two-week all-expense-paid vacation in Florida, plus regular pay, as the most loyal employee in the plant.

And of course Martha was happy. She ran through their small rooms, opening drawers, pulling out clothes here and there, tossing them, laying them down. She even smiled. And then they talked. For the first time in how long? And reminisced of the old country. Yes, this would do her good, he thought.

Days of shopping followed: they needed new things for Florida. Florida! FLORIDA! He just couldn't keep his heart from beating faster as the day approached. Each day was, of course, too long, and each night sleep came slowly. But suddenly they were standing before a huge silver hulk, smiling the way tourists always smile on their

first trip. He kept taking out his watch and winding it. When people passed, he would stop them and ask them the time, and then say, "Oh, I'm slow again. Not as good as it used to be even my father had it." But he'd have to yell the last few words because the people hustled away before he could finish.

And then they were walking away from the plane, leaving the airport in Florida. And the cab took them to their hotel. Jon had never before in his life taken a cab, and it was wonderful to have someone listen to you and say, "Yes, sir," and take you where you wanted to go. The hotel room was unbelievable — clean, white, big, soft. He thought of a stuffed polar bear when he first saw it. But no matter how wonderful it was, he wanted most of all to be on the beach. Once there, he would lie quietly on a blanket, every muscle relaxed. Yes, this would be a wonderful vacation, even if it wouldn't last. And then it happened.

Martha began to talk. For the first time in thirty years, she talked. About everything. Stories from the market, from stores, from old neighbors, from home, from Florida. And Jon noticed for the first time that others talked. Everyone on the beach talked and people would run and laugh, and drip water or kick sand on Jon's blanket as he lay there, trying to relax.

Jon lay on the beach and thought about the week which had just passed. It had been disappointing. He thought about his job and wondered what they were doing to fill it. A seashell lay on the sand. He stared at it, and then looking around to make sure no one was watching, picked it up and placed it to his ear and listened: silence! The quiet silence of time passing, of the ocean roaring as it had for centuries. The smooth tranquility of . . .

"Jon, people are staring."

Jon dropped the shell. Again he was assailed by the noise. Sudden shouts and cries cut in on Martha's droning voice. He tried to listen to her, but he couldn't; the words made no sense.

"I don't feel too well. I'm going back to the room."

"You can sleep at home. Vat did you come here for?"

"I don't know, I don't . . ."

So Jon lay on the sand, and the noise bathed his body like acid. He shivered in the hot sun.

Jon looked once again around the too familiar dining room. They had only two days left. He wasn't sure whether to be glad or sorry. After a floor show, they went upstairs and to bed. In an hour, Martha had talked herself out, and Jon sighed. Silence at last! But as his mind began to relax, he heard the noise roaring through the corridor like a mountain stream, and into the apartment next door. A party. Laughing, talking, clicking of glasses, all came through the thin walls. Yes, he realized gladly, only two days left.

And then suddenly it was time to leave. All the way home Martha was quiet, completely quiet, and her smile was gone. The vacation was over. By the time they reached home, Jon was exhausted from traveling and fell asleep, in the midst, again, of silent odors.

The next day, Jon sat before his growling machine, and looked warmly at it. It didn't talk or kick sand. And he reached out and petted it. He pulled his hand right back, but his mind stayed out there. Yes, this was his life, and this was what he wanted. You couldn't scrape thirty years out of your system any more than you could ancient odors out of walls.

That night he walked home in the pleasant air and smiled at the sweet breeze. But then he had everything to be happy about.

WAR AND PEACE

Animals and men kill,
Each for a different reason.
One a need to fulfill;
The other regardless of season.

Peace!
What does it mean?
A quiet rustic scene,
or the lull on no man's land.
— George Cummings '64

POEM

Beware, my mind, do not mistake the mask
I wear to be your personality.
The superficial joviality,
A screen to hide the true and tortured me,
Now tightening, smothers me.

In pretence wrapt, reality's a waning flame.

For life had left me scarred. I fell in quest
Of might. I fell in quest of social height.
Sans happiness, I wished for only peace,
And this in friendship's solace did I seek.

Recluse among the crowd, abandoned I
My strong ambitious self, and then did feign
The humble, turn-cheek air I loathe.

Sheepishly, I strode the boards of fancy's fraud,
And donned an actor's mask in friendship's play.

With hollow joy, I hid the hate I held
For those insultors, those braggarts,
Those take-advantage-of-the-meek brazen boors.
Convincing in the play of love was I;
A domino so perfect did I wear
Those I wanted would be mine as friends.

Through small, neglected holes in raft adrift
On endless sea, the fatal blue has flowed.
And time is all. And no one, nothing, helps.
So I now flounder helpless in identity —
Eroding pretence! And time is all.

Outward am I a happy, pleasant man;
Within am I a bitter, somber man.
And more and closer friends do more and more demand
I wear the mask, that Jeckyl be his Hyde.
I live performance more than truth.
The outward face now reigns supreme.

The raft is sinking slowly, slowly. . .

Now ever more am I imposter,
And acting is more painful than the pain
Of failure. Pleasure sees but him
Who plays the role assigned by nature.
Mind, tear off this mask!

With those I hate I jest, I smile, I laugh,
Yet laugh I not sincere for who can laugh
That finds no peace in it but pain.
But God, I cannot stop.

I drown, I drown. . .

— Leo Maciejewski '64

EDITORIALS

PEACE?

A HIGH official of the "Turn Toward Peace" organization has estimated the number of people actively connected with "peace" movements at fifty thousand, and the number of partially active sympathizers at half a million. These peace movements seem to have reached a new height of popularity, and the parade of pacifist marchers has become a standard part of the American scene.

It is unfortunate that so many intelligent people — scientists, educators, writers — have involved themselves in this type of mass hysteria. There are peace groups on nearly every college campus, a fact which indicates that the young are just as susceptible to panic as the old. It appears that everyone from the housewife to Dr. Spock has been frightened into taking up a sign and marching. Are these people Communists, subversives, agitators, crackpots, utopians, or what?

It is reasonable to assume that there are Communists in the peace movement, especially among those who proclaim, "Better Red than dead". Yet the Communists and subversives are few and far between. The majority of the membership of peace groups is comprised of utopians, who include most of the intellectual peace people; the nonrealists, who actually believe "total" peace can be achieved; and the fanatical fringe, with whom the peace movement is a **cause**. The utopians write and endorse pamphlets, the nonrealists hope, and the fanatics parade.

Disarmament is the main problem with which the peace groups are concerned and "unilateral disarmament" is usually their rallying cry. Their theory is that if the United States destroys its weapons, Russia will do likewise and hand-in-hand we will stride toward a real peace marked by mutual friendship and trust. But what if Russia doesn't throw away its bombs?

The peace people refuse to recognize this contingency. They feel that the Russians will be "morally forced" to follow the actions of the United States. It is in this belief that the truly nonrealistic attitude of the peace groups becomes apparent. Even after one broken moratorium and many fruitless negotiations, they still put consummate faith in the hope that the Communists will see the light. The peace people steep themselves in delusion and are unwilling to face the fact that the Communists wish to take over the world, by peaceful means if possible, by force if necessary. Those who think that the Communists would not initiate a nuclear war do not understand the inherent disregard for human life in the Communist mind. They fail to realize, also, that the United States must progress in the arms race at the same rate as Russia to maintain a balance of power in the world. A total peace can never be achieved between two ideologies as conflicting as democracy and totalitarian Communism, and it is sheer fantasy on the part of the peace groups to cherish any such hopes.

Yet a total war is not necessary either. Democracy and Communism can exist on the same planet, without total peace or total war. Such a situation has existed since 1919, and a total Democracy-Communism war has not taken place. There has been tension, anger and military action, such as in Korea, Laos and Vietnam, but these situations are only natural between two such conflicting systems. A balance between east and west can continue in the future. The road will be precarious, yet it definitely exists as a middle ground between the devastation of total war and the unrealism of total peace.

Meanwhile the peace groups are becoming more vociferous. Annoying as their wailings are, we must view these organizations as merely isolated groups of extremists. Their "total peace" theory will ultimately crumble when the intellectuals realize a few simple truths; when the nonrealists come down to earth; and when the fanatics take their placards and go home.

Brian McGunigle '64

BLOOD, BOORS, AND BOXING

DURING THE past year, two tragedies, the ring deaths of Benny Paret and Davey Moore, have culminated in public furor, as so-called "professional" moralists raise their voices in cries of outrage and public indignation, shrieking "BAN BOXING", with all good intent and folly.

Between saloon raids spokesmen for the public morality have tried to ban boxing since it was generally legalized back in the early part of the century. But they have failed in their attempt just as their predecessors failed, for although boxing had been banned for many years in the U. S., the great masses of people felt boxing to be something **essential**. Illegal or not, there will be boxing, just as there was a hundred years ago—in back lots, in cockfighting barns, on barges, in tavern backrooms, in fields, in every conceivable place where men may test their endurance and strength and skill, taking the risk involved, competing by free will.

Violence and conflict are something basic and undeniable in Man; "moralists" of all ages have sought to ignore this fact of our being, and in vain have attempted to define the perfect man: sexless, strifeless emotionless, bloodless, like a marble statue, an unreal image. They always forget that Man has some animal instincts; he is not the perfect spiritual creature they would have him be. But the crusading, drum-beating "moralist" gasps at the truth and tries to deny it; and all his gallant little crusades have brought him only ridicule.

Violence is inherent in Man. It has been rationalized and disguised some, so that the masses of the world will sincerely show disgust at the thought of ancient tortures and barbarities. But the same violence lurks within the soul. (In man's ancestry lurks the killer ape, a heritage we cannot ignore.) It will manifest itself in other bloody ways; witness the astronomic upheavals of this century. Everywhere and always there is violence. Wars are but basic individual needs for violence on a sweeping and grandiose scale. And there is always brutal personal murder. This society forbids: well and good. But if wars today are not merely the lusty affairs of yesterday, with our wars becoming more and more world-consuming and neurotic, and crimes of passion are justly outlawed, where can there be an outlet for this perhaps unwanted, but nevertheless very real necessity? "Moralists" seek to restrict all natural drives and instincts. When this happens the result is one of the major diseases of our time; perversion. Man-kind must have its release; if it can not achieve it through healthy and natural means, it attempts it by unnatural means, eating away at itself.

Boxing is one of the truly refreshing and indeed, healthy, occupations of today. It is one of the only legal means for expression of pent-up violence, having all the brutality necessary, yet on the whole comparatively safe. It too however faces the moralists' wrath, as they claim it to be not only anti-God and anti-Man, but downright degrading. But a natural instinct is not degrading. True, as society-dwellers we must tax our whims and impulses, but to completely imprison them is suicidal and insane.

We should throw off the shackles of the ax-swinging "moralists". We must realize that the healthier a society is, the more masculine and combative be its sports. Man is not a demigod but an extremely imperfect creature, with failings and desires and goodness and evil. He is not Nietzsche's Superman nor anybody else's.

Boxing is neither pretty nor delicate; it has, however, the strength and supreme physical nobility which should be enough to warrant its continuation.

Richard Kaplan '64

LORDS AND MASTERS

MR. RALPH CHESTER, professeur de Français, is retiring this year after thirty years of teaching. Born in Boston in 1909 and an alumnus of Latin School, he graduated in 1931 from Harvard College, where he had majored in the Romance languages. In 1935 he earned his M.A. from Boston College. Before serving in the Boston School System, Mr. Chester taught at Framingham High School and Worcester Academy. He came to Boston Latin in 1959.

A water sportsman, Mr. Chester enjoys swimming, boating, and fishing; for twenty years he and his wife operated a summer camp for boys in Maine.

Mr. Chester feels that Boston is fortunate to have the Latin School, "a special school with a special purpose." He advises Latin School boys to work hard because "nothing brings success like hard work, although, often, boys do not face up to this fact."

Boston Latin School wishes Mr. Chester and his wife many happy and healthful years in Florida, where they will reside upon his retirement.



MR. LAURENCE JOSEPH JACKSON, who teaches English in room 103, is retiring this year after nearly half a century in the teaching profession.

Mr. Jackson was born in December, 1892, in Mansfield, Massachusetts, where he attended high school. He entered the College of the Holy Cross (A.B. 1913), and went on to graduate study at the Catholic University of America, in Washington, D.C., from which he received his A.M. in Medieval History. Mr. Jackson began teaching in 1913 at Mansfield High School, and later transferred to B. M. C. Durfee High School in Fall River. Three years at Durfee were interrupted by military service during the First World War. After the war he remained in Europe as a student at the Sorbonne.

In 1920, he began teaching at the Boston High School of Commerce where he taught for 33 years before coming to BLS in 1953.

He would like to urge students "to remember that their own worthiness in their careers is the only memorial that any teacher can hope to have".

MR. FRANK A. GILBERT, teacher of mathematics, retired this year after forty years of devoted service to Latin School. Born in Cambridge, he attended Cambridge High and Latin School and graduated in 1921 from Boston College, where he had majored in the Classics; however, realizing the great need for mathematics teachers, he returned to Boston College for a teaching course in this subject and earned his M.A. in 1922.

Mr. Gilbert realizes that the "new mathematics" must be a part of the

present day curriculum, but in his opinion it should be taught only to those students who select it. He advises Latin School boys: "Try to get into one of the prestige colleges. If you cannot, do the best you can in some other good school for it is primarily the boy, not the college, that makes the difference between success and failure."

Latin School will greatly miss Mr. Gilbert, who taught because he loved teaching, the school, and the boys — "I was very lucky to be associated with such fine boys. I'll never forget them."

IN MEMORIAM

THE FACULTY and the Student body of Boston Latin School were saddened at the death of two of its outstanding masters and distinguished men.

Mr. Emmet T. Morrill, Head of the French Department, passed away suddenly on March 20. A graduate of Brockton High School, Clark University, and Middlebury College (A.M.), he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, from 1946-48, and held a Fulbright Teaching Fellowship at Lycee Deauville, Deauville, France, in 1950. Prior to coming to B. L. S., he had taught at Mitchell Military Academy, Billerica, Belmont, Melrose, and Boston Technical high schools. During World War II, he served as a captain in the Strategic Air Command in the China-Burma-India area. He was a member of the Modern Language Teachers Association, La Societe Francaise du Cape Cod, and the Joyce Kilmer American Legion Post. Mr. Morrill had been a

member of the Faculty but a few years, yet his sincerity, conscientiousness and scholarship were admired by both teachers and pupils.

Dr. Leo J. McCarthy, a teacher of English at B. L. S. for the past thirteen years, died on February 20. A graduate of Boston Latin ('16), and Boston College (Ph.D. English), he began teaching in the Boston Public Schools in 1928. A man of diverse interests, he was a member of the Sacred Heart Parish Holy Name Society and the Aquinas League; he also served on the Archdiocesan Council for Catholic Men, and had been judge at many oratorical contests. Dr. McCarthy was active in the Latin School Alumni Association for a great many years, and always enthusiastically helped the school and the pupils. He was a man of genuine dedication to the task of preparing boys to become forthright men.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST

The Home and School Association presented "A Festival of Music" on the evening of April 24. Our invited guest, Mr. Arthur Fiedler, world famous conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra, led our own Orchestra in "The March of the Meistersingers" by Wagner. In addition, the Junior and Senior Bands, the Dance Band, and the Glee Club gave enjoyable performances.



On Friday evening May 3, the Dramatics Club, assisted by Roslindale High, presented the school play, "A Gentleman from Athens". The production, directed by Mr. Mark Russo, was enthusiastically received by those who filled the auditorium. The cast is to be commended for its superb acting. The money from both the concert and the play will be given as scholarships to Seniors of the Class of '63.

Ye RARR arose early the next morning with a slight headache to go to Harvard University. On the pretense of attending a Model United Nations General Assembly, we toured the beautiful campus, and heatedly debated

whether or not to apply next year. We then found time to attend the morning caucuses and discussed the issues before the General Assembly: financing the United Nations, the exploration of Outer Space, and the Berlin problem. At five, many Western delegations were forced to leave due to the filibustering and shoe-banging of the Soviet Union's delegation, which was finally awarded a plaque for being the most outspoken delegation present.

The Boston-Herald-Traveler Cavalcade of Sports came to BLS on Tuesday, May 14. The Sports editor, Mr. John Sullivan, explained that the purpose of the Cavalcade is to introduce athletes who are interested in demonstrating to students certain aspects of both golf and tennis. Six foot five Sam Jones, a tennis player as well as the guard for the World Champion Boston Celtics, mentioned the tremendous amount of alertness and stamina a person must have to play a good game of tennis. He also stressed the need for a good education, even for the athlete, whose sports career is always very short-lived.



Late in April, the Professional Club had as its speaker Msgr. Lally, the editor of the Catholic Weekly, **The Pilot**. The Monsignor discussed the role of the clergyman in the community and explained the vital need for religion in modern life. Modern man must have a hope in God, and faith in his country and its system if he is to lead a happy and fruitful life.

The Annual Prize Drill was held on April 24. Despite the inclement weather, many faculty members witnessed the precise military maneuvers of Colonel Kelly's Kadets. Congratulations to prize-winning D Company and the Drill Team for their noteworthy exhibitions!



Chuck Harris, Roy Bernstein, Jack Hadley, Paul Slater, and Eric Wish attended a seminar sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews at Simmons College. President Barry Portnoy delivered the welcoming address, after which the participants proceeded to the assigned rooms where they discussed the major topic, "Inter-faith Relations".

The following day, Anniversary and Class Day was held in the Assembly Hall. John Joseph McCarthy, President of the Class of 1963, addressed the Juniors and Seniors. Al Gurman then read the Class Oration. While the Class Will and Prophecy were being read, the audience rollicked with glee at the colorful antics of our care-free Seniors. The guest speaker, Edward F. McLaughlin (BLS '38) mentioned how important it was for BLS students to excel in everything they undertake and to uphold the honor and tradition of the oldest public school in the country. He also stressed the immense potential benefits that the graduating class can give to society.

Have you ever wondered what hap-



pens to Latin School boys after they graduate? With the unceasing effort of Mr. Max Levine, the **Register** has uncovered some interesting facts concerning several illustrious alumni. Honorable Joseph P. Kennedy '08 and Harvard '12, an outstanding leader in finance, former Ambassador to Great Britain, and father of the President, during his days at BLS was captain of the baseball team and winner of the Mayor John F. ("Honey") Fitzgerald (BLS 1884) Baseball Trophy for the highest batting average in the Boston City League. He was also manager of the Football Team, colonel of the Regiment, and president of his class. Sidney R. Rabb '16 and Harvard '20, is nationally known as one of the foremost food merchants in the U.S.; he is both the founder and president of the Stop and Shop Stores. He is also Trustee of the Harvard Medical Center and Mass. General Hospital; Honorary Trustee of the Harvard Business School; President of the Boston Public Library; and Member of the Board of Regents of Boston College. Most Reverend John J. Wright, D.D.S. '27 and Boston College '31, the Bishop of Pittsburg, in Class I was Editor of the **Register** and won first prize in debating. He studied at The North American College in Rome; was chief speaker at the BLS 325th Anniversary; and was a distinguished delegate at the Ecumenical Council in Rome in 1963. An outstanding speaker, he is lauded for his knowledge, his forceful delivery, and his persuasive charm. Leonard Bernstein '35, Harvard '39, wrote the music for his Class Song, and was president of the Glee Club. Through his tremendous and constant study of music, he has become one of the top orchestra conductors and music composers in the Western World. He currently conducts the New York Philharmonic.

Stephen Curran '64

SPORTS

BASEBALL

Although having lost most of its 1962-1963 starting team, the Latin baseball squad has proven itself once again to be very strong. The all-senior infield of smooth-swinging Mike Connoly at first, persistent Joe Gordon at second, Steve Bello at short and fine but underrated Charlie Dever at third has paced many strong attacks on opposing pitchers this year. Junior center-fielder Steve Vozella has led the outfielders in hitting but Jim Kulbacki and freshman star Bob Hansen appear to have started hitting varsity pitching.

Returning starter Jack McCarthy once again is proving to be a capable receiver and a fine hitter. Bob Walsh heads a quite competent pitching staff backed by Sophomore Fred Schwelm and Junior Bob Nierman. The combination of a solid infield, consistent battery, and a promising outfield make the Purple and White solid favorites to gain another berth in the State Tournament.

Latin vs. Trade

Purple and White batsmen gave Bobby Walsh five runs in the first inning as Latin routed Trade 10-0. Bob was brilliant, going all the way and giving up three hits. Mike Connoly with a double and a triple in three "at bats" excelled in the offensive department.



Latin vs. Dorchester

Paced by Charlie Dever, Mike Connoly, and Joe Gordon with two hits each, the first place Purple drubbed Dot 7-1. Bob Walsh was superb, pitching another three hitter and striking out twelve batters. This gave him a total of 36 strike outs in his first four games.

Latin vs. Technical

In another key game, Bobby Walsh pitched a six hitter over second place Technical good enough for a 5-4 triumph. Charlie Dever, Steve Bello, and Steve Vozella once more collected two hits each to pace the eleven hit attack.

Latin vs. Trade

Latin once more defeated their City League rivals, this time the victim being Trade. Once more the winning pitcher was Walsh, in relief of Schwelm, striking out eleven batters. The game was highlighted by three Latin home runs hit by All-Scholastic Candidate Charlie Dever, Joe Gordon and Steve Bello.

Latin vs. B. C. High

Once again Latin emerged triumphant as Schwelm came through to pitch his first complete game, allowing a mere scratch single. Dever, Connoly and Hansen contributed two hits each and aided Schwelm in a brilliant 4-0 shut out.

JUNIOR VARSITY BASEBALL

The Junior Varsity Squad under the expert direction of Mr. Lambert is in the middle of a very successful season. It boasts a fine record of eight wins and three losses made against such strong opponents as St. Marks, B. C. High, English, and Technical.

An inexperienced but very able pitching staff is led by Junior Ty Powell. Freshmen Phil Haberstroh, Ed McClaughlin, and eighth grade sensation Greg Grandfield round out a fine group of hurlers.

Doing the receiving for the Junior Purple are Jack Scala, Bill Caruso, and Ed McDonald all of whom are doing commendable jobs. The infield is covered by Joe DeChellis at first, Tony

Prata at second, Jim Greene at short-stop and Richie Walsh at the third base spot. Latin also boasts a strong bench with Al Magliaro, Mike O'Neil, Stan Karp, Jack Kallel, and Bob Gilbert ready to fill in at any time.

Bob Creedon does the job in center field flanked by "Dobie" Gillis in left and Pete Mollo in right field.

In general, the team has had a good, consistent season with four players hitting over .400. Lack of a long-ball hitter has hurt in some tense situations, but judging from the outstanding performance of the team, Latin should enjoy an outstanding Varsity Team for many years to come. Hats off to Mr. Lambert for a fine job.

TRACK

This year's track team is considered the most improved in the city. One of the reasons for the great improvement is the increased interest in both the field events and the dashes. The team's main problem, however, is lack of participation which makes our squad much smaller than that of teams such as Technical or English. The progress we have been making with the number of active participants has been highly commendable.

Latin vs. English and Dorchester

Against a highly rated team from English and a swift group from Dorchester, Latin finished a strong second due mostly to its fine showing in the field events.

Bob Concannon gained a double victory in the "A" shot put and discus. Cronin placed fourth in the discus and third in the shot. Other class "A" scoring included Cliff Janey, a fourth in the 100 yard dash, Baker, a second in the 220, Shea, fourth in the 880, Santosuosso first and Seibert fourth in the two mile run.



Class "B" scoring was also concentrated mostly in the field events. Hadley, Golden, and Butler placed second, third, and fourth respectively in the shot. Butler also gained second place in the discus. McDonald won the javelin throw with Mitchell grabbing fourth place. Allen took a first in the pole vault while Rick Mitchell won the broad jump and was runner-up in the 120 yard hurdles. McDonald's fourth place was the only scoring by the Purple in the high jump.

St. John's Relays

In a field of the toughest competition the state has seen in many years, our determined relay teams ran extremely well, but were unfortunate in their efforts to capture a place. The team's chances were frustrated further by the fact that the Purple was unable to enter all the field events. Coach Fielding feels that valuable experience was gained by all contestants and looks forward to a better showing next year. Well-deserved praise is extended to co-captains Lima and Santosuosso and to the other members of the squad whose fine efforts must not be overlooked.

Tape Worms

The squad owes this season's successes to hard work and fierce desire. Boys deserving special credit include: Co-captains Lima and Santosuosso, Janey, Concannon, Baker, Perlmutter, and Seibert in class "A", Mitchell, McDonald, Butler, Allen, Bernstein, and Hadley in class "B", and Grey, Baugh, Landrum, Chin, Daniels, Johnson, Paige, and Chopect in class "C".

Our personal thanks are extended to all the coaches at White Stadium for their continual assistance. Special thanks go to Mr. Fielding who ran the team at St. John's.

CREW

This year's turnout for Latin School's Crew has far exceeded that of any previous year. It is quite evident that Crew will soon be recognized as a major sport.

Under the expert supervision of Mr. Vara in his sophomore year as coach, the Crew became a smooth-stroking machine. Each day, the rowers work out on the Charles under the stern eyes of coxswains Steve Levy and Ken Thomae.

The top two boats are well balanced and eager to row, with many first year men adding to the team's potential.

In the one race so far, Latin, off to a bad start, was unable to recover and as a result finished third in both starts, losing to English and Technical. As



they become more experienced, however, the fine first boat of Levy, Holland, S. DiSessa, Maffee, Nickerson, Cotter, Robins, C. DiSessa, and O'Leary will beat out the crew from across the street.

SOCCER

Despite the graduation of over half the team, the appalling lack of school support, and little or no student interest, the soccer team appears headed for another outstanding season.

Tal Krastins, who is considered to be the best Latin goalie in many years, guards the Purple's nets. Keeping the ball far away from the net are outstanding fullbacks R. Dashawetz and F. Bass, aided by halfbacks Pisarski, Shepherd, Cohen, and Marlin.

The fastest line in the city consists of Captain Vintoniev, S. Dashawetz, Stafford, Shaine, and Press.

To date, the team has only had the opportunity to play one game which they won handily by a 2-0 score. Although plagued by a slow start, the team began the second half with two quick goals by Vintoniev and Husak. Only three shots were made at the Latin goal, all easily stopped by Krastins who played a fine game.



THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

April 5: Contrary to popular belief, R.R.R. is not the name of this column, but rather a pleasant editorial abbreviation: Received, Read, and Rejected.

April 8: Overheard in 306:

Master: . . . and you'll need a hard pencil for this exam.

Examinee: Ah, don't you mean a soft pencil, sir?

Master: No. It's a stiff exam.

April 10: This month Ye R.R.R. has assembled the world's most comprehensive collection of elephant jokes:

Why do elephants jump off trees?
Because they can't climb down.

How can you tell if an elephant is in bed with you?
You can smell peanuts on his breath.

Why do elephants wear green boots?
To hide in the grass.

Why do elephants hide behind trees?
To trip unsuspecting ants.

How do elephants get wrinkled knees?

From playing marbles.

April 11: Brutus: What do you think of my wife's pizza pies?

Caesar: Et tu, Brute.

April 22: Overheard in B-29:

"Awright, class, position huh! Up . . . down . . . up down . . . up . . . down . . . Get those eyelids up! . . . down . . .

April 25: Overheard in the Nurse's office:

Wounded One: This liniment makes my shoulder smart.

Wit — Man: Why not rub some on your head?

April 29: What's blue and is dangerous, and lives in a tree? A bluebird with a machine gun.

April 30: Overread on Bulletin Board: Actor desires part in school play. Particularly experienced as dead body or offstage shouts.

May 1: Three Indian women were sitting in an enclosure. One of them was sitting on a buffalo hide with a

papoose on her back. Another was sitting on a deer hide with a single papoose also. The third was sitting on a hippopotamus hide and had two papooses on her back. All of which goes to prove that the squaw on the hippopotamus is equal to the sum of the squaws on the other two hides.

May 2: Many Starred One: Not a man in this company is going to leave before 5:00 o'clock today.

Voice in the Ranks: Give me liberty
or give me
death.

MSO: Who said that?

VIR: Patrick Henry.

May 6: Ye R.R.R. heard about a four-way cold tablet that had a nervous breakdown—it couldn't decide which way to go.

May 9: Overheard:

"Hear about the man who walked into a hotel and said he could whip any man in the house?"

"No-oo."

"The elevator boy took him up."

May 15: Miss Taylor: How did you get here?

New Arrival: Flu.

May 16: Overheard in cafeteria:

Incorrigible punster: I'll have some fish, but kindly omit the Napoleon. I refer to the bony part.

May 20: One of the more erratic members of the Register's Business Staff was recently given the axe. He kept hearing strange invoices.

May 21: Ye R.R.R. has hit upon a dandy way to double your money: fold it.

May 24: Overheard:

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. Methinks he has not had his 'Wheaties' this morn."

May 27: Overheard in 318:

"Ohm, ohm, on the range."

"Good grief, how revolting!"

"Eh, watt?"

June 3: Ye R.R.R. was told today that he was like an iceberg: 10% visible, 90% submerged, and 100% at sea.

June 4: Overheard in 229:

"Do you have any trouble making up your mind, son?"

"Well, sir, yes and no."

June 5: Overheard:

Sadistic Master: We will have only half a day of school this morning.

Class (in unison): Hurray, hurrah, and huzzah.

Sadistic Master: We'll have the other half this afternoon.

June 6: Register Editor: So what did he have to say?

Disgruntled Interviewer: Not a thing.

Register Editor: Well, keep it down to two columns.

June 7: Today Ye R.R.R. was told that by flunking English for the sixth time he was taking the path of least persistence.

June 10: Ye R.R.R. has decided to spend more time in Miss Taylor's office to improve his sick humor.

June 11: It is rumored that a budding musician has been dropped from the band. Every time he opened his mouth he put his flute in it.

June 12: Q. How did Aurelius get to Rome?

A. The Stoic brought him.

June 13: Recently learned by Ye R.R.R. is the fact that a certain simple-minded twosie was about to shave for the first time. As he was poised with his razor, ready to start, the mirror fell unnoticed to the floor. "Just my luck," he said, staring at the empty wall. "I cut my head off."

June 18: Once upon a time, a knight of the round table, Sir Shmel, rode on a St. Bernard instead of a horse. One day, the dog accidentally fell into a cement mixer and was badly injured. That evening an important battle was scheduled, and the king was inspecting his troops beforehand. When he came to the St. Bernard, lame and caked with cement, he turned to Sir Shmel and said, "I wouldn't send a knight out on a dog like this."

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